

## **Manic Monday** by jackwabbit

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Friendship

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin H., Steve H.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-08-05 11:26:48

**Updated:** 2019-08-05 11:26:48

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 16:58:12

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 337

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Vignette. Friendship. Steve and Dustin. Time Frame: 1990 or 1991, I think. Four to five years after season three. But a bit variable. Spoilers: General series knowledge only. Summary: Six o'clock already, I was just in the middle of a dream.

# Manic Monday

## Manic Monday

Category: Vignette. Friendship. Steve and Dustin.

Time Frame: 1990 or 1991, I think. Four to five years after season three. But a bit variable.

Spoilers: General series knowledge only.

Summary: Six o'clock already, I was just in the middle of a dream.

Note: Thanks to the shuffle feature on my phone and The Bangles for this one.

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Steve Harrington rolled over and groaned.

As he slowly came to, he grew confused.

Sunlight was streaming into his face, and he could've sworn he'd closed the blinds.

And what was that racket, anyway?

A crash, followed by a curse, swept the cobwebs from his mind and he bolted upright, unconsciously looking for threats.

"Oh, good! You're up!" shouted his roommate, not threatening at all, but far too cheery for Steve's tastes.

Especially given the fact that it was seven thirty in the morning.

"Kind of hard not to be with you banging around like that," said Steve, rubbing his eyes.

"Whatever. Up and at 'em."

The kid actually clapped his hands. Steve gave him a disbelieving look.

"Oh, come on, Henderson! I just closed last night!"

"Yeah, and you have class in half an hour," said Dustin, throwing one

of Steve's shoes at his chest.

Steve deflected the shoe and laid back down. That's when his jacket landed on his face.

"I'm going to kill you," he complained.

"Yeah, yeah," grumbled Dustin, waving a hand in dismissal.

Steve groaned a protest, but sat up anyway.

He reminded himself that he'd chosen this. That while his official story was that he was helping Dustin with the rent and could keep an eye on the idiot, he'd really moved in with the kid for just this reason, because he knew this was the only way he'd actually do this – whatever this was.

The university called him a "non-traditional student," but Steve knew better.

He was just too old for this shit

Good thing his roommate wasn't.